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Select Tales.

From the Lady's Book.

MR. CHANCY'S COOKING STOVE.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

Of all comfortable people, few have a greater number of comforts to be thankful for than had the Chancys. They were rich enough to live without any laborious exertion of body or mind, yet not so much so as to be thrown into the evils of idleness. They had a handsome house, handsomely furnished, and were not afraid to use it, for they knew they could well afford to refit it, whenever that was needed. They had three children—the number under common circumstances to save any particular one from being spoiled, and make their premises cheerful, without keeping them in a continual uproar—and all three were handsome, healthy and promising. They had excellent servants, because they had not only money to pay for them, but good tempers to treat them properly. Added to this, Mr. Chancy was active, industrious, temperate, upright and cheerful, and his wife kind, prudent and notable, and they might have continued to enjoy the most enviable quiet and independence, had not Mr. Chancy, one season when business was dull, taken it into his head to be ambitious.

"It would be a very pleasant thing," said he, one evening to Mrs. Chancy, "to take a higher stand among my neighbors. I don't mean in society; all sensible people agree that middle life has the truest enjoyments, and we are just in such a circle as suits our habits and education, and if it is not called the highest, who cares? The distinctions of society in this country are very absurd, and mainly originate with the women—no disparagement to your sex, my dear—and as you are not concerned about them, of course I am perfectly satisfied. But I should like to be distinguished from the crowd by some peculiarly creditable characteristic or performance. I am tired of moving along in the beaten track. If we had lived in the country, I have no doubt I should, before now, have been sent to the State legislature, if not to Congress, but, in the city, a quiet man, like myself, stands no chance for political distinction. There is a set of brawling demagogues constantly on the watch to snap up the honors; and as to the pre-eminence of wealth, that is equally out of the question, for where the population is so large, one man cannot look around but he has a check put upon his pride, by seeing another either really or apparently better off than himself. And with regard to literature, I am not qualified to make a figure in that line. What think you on this subject, my dear?"

"Why that we ought to enjoy what we have with gratitude, and leave seeking after reputation to those who need it, to supply the place of

more substantial comforts. That's my opinion, Mr. Chancy."

"I thought that your views were more elevated, my dear; it certainly must be a source of gratification, and that of a lofty kind, to be pointed out as a man celebrated for something meritorious. You must admit that it would be much more honorable to have our children told that their father was somebody, than nobody."

"I would much rather teach our children that they will have to depend on their own merits," said Mrs. Chancy."

Mr. Chancy made no response. It had always been the custom, by tacit agreement, to suspend a subject on which they differed, until one or the other should be willing through self-conviction, or a more complying mood, to acknowledge the opponent in the right. Accordingly, Mr. Chancy kept to himself the reflections which immediately presented themselves. He took a bird's-eye view of his capabilities, both mental and physical, and at last decided that he really might be possessed of the qualifications for distinction in one work—that of mechanical invention.

He recalled to memory some of the performances of his boyhood, which, previous to his being apprenticed to a city merchant, had been spent in the country; and that he had always been considered one of the handiest youngsters of the neighborhood. That he had constructed miniature waterwheels, and windmills, and weather-cocks; had been a dabster at kites and pumpkin lanterns; that his rabbit snares and partridge-traps had been unfailing in execution, and that he had erected on the roof of his father's barn, a marten-box, with four or five tiers of little windows on every side, which everybody admired as the very copy of a church. And now, with his matured faculties, what might he not accomplish? To be the father of some remarkable invention, to be pointed out as an ingenious gentleman who employed his leisure moments in projects for the benefit of the community, it would be almost as good as to be the mayor of the city.

Whilst his mind was thus engaged, Mrs. Chancy made an observation which coincided so well with the train of his thoughts, that he received it as an augury of encouragement. She was sitting in a fine spring-seated rocking-chair, with her knitting, and remarked: "I don't exactly like this chair, my dear, it requires too much exertion to rock it. I should prefer one which would work more easily."

"I'll invent you one, my dear!" said he, striking his hand on his knee, emphatically.

"Invent one!" exclaimed his wife, in astonishment; "you invent a rocking-chair, Mr. Chancy! why what puts that in your head? I don't want one invented, but I should like to have this one sent to the cabinet-maker's, to be a little altered in the rockers."

"I say, my dear, I'll invent you one!" per-

sisted Mr. Chancy, elevating his brows, and pressing his lips together with a look of determination, at which his wife, not knowing whether to take him in jest or earnest, sat still, waiting patiently to hear something farther about it.

Mr. Chancy took a letter from his pocket, and busied himself for ten or fifteen minutes, in drawing upon the back of it with his pencil, various geometrical figures totally incomprehensible to his wife, and at last he observed, as if soliloquizing: "Yes, it can be done, and I can do it. There might be a chair invented with machinery attached, which would set it going, or stop it at pleasure, and I am pretty sure I have hit upon the plan!"

"I would not care about having such a chair, Mr. Chancy; the common plan is good enough; all I want is to have this made to rock more easily. I never saw the chair yet which I could not stop, with my own weight and strength, whenever I pleased," said Mrs. Chancy.

"But how delightful it would be to have one that would rock exactly at the proper degree, just as you might be in the notion!"

"One way of rocking suits me very well, my dear; you know I am not very *notionate*."

"You will change your opinion vastly, Mrs. Chancy, when you see what can be done by human ingenuity. I will show you something original in the chair line one of these days, I promise you."

"Why, my dear, what *has* put that into your head? you are no cabinet-maker."

"No, but I am going to be one of the men that govern cabinet-makers," said Mr. Chancy.

"Rather than you should go to that trouble and expense, I would put up with the one I have just as it is; 'let well enough alone,' is a pretty good maxim to go by," returned his wife.

"You are mistaken, my dear; if everybody were to follow it, there would be but little occasion for inventive genius. The march of improvement is a glorious thing, and these are the times for it!"

Mrs. Chancy heard nothing farther of the rocking-chair for two or three weeks, and might have supposed that her husband had ceased to think about it, had he not indulged in reveries more frequently than formerly, and always finished them with taking a pencil from his pocket and drawing, or in flourishing invisible lines with his finger. At last he returned one day from his business, at an unusual hour, and after he had watched the front parlor windows for a while, with some anxiety, a furniture carriage stopped at the door.

"Here's your rocking-chair, my dear," said he, "such a rocking-chair as the city has never produced before, I assure you."

Mrs. Chancy naturally walked to the window to see it unloaded. "Why it is very much like other rocking-chairs," said she, "only that there

is some odd, clumsy-looking work between the rockers, which it would look much better without."

"That work, Mrs. Chaney, is the novelty and the improvement. That's my invention, and a happy one it is."

By this time the chair was deposited in the back parlor, and Mr. Chaney, in an ecstasy, got down upon his knees to explain the operation of the machinery. "As the chair now stands, my dear," said he, "it is no rocking-chair at all—merely a common arm-chair—see, it won't budge an inch. Now, turn this screw, so; enough to loosen this perforated block, as I shall call it, through which the rocker runs—now, the one on the other side; and by moving them along a little distance, it will rock about like your old one; now, move it a little farther, and you see it rocks much more freely, and so on. Both blocks you observe, must be moved exactly to the same distance; now, to keep them in their places, you turn the screws the other way, until you get them permanently fixed. Isn't it the very thing, my dear?"

"Bless me, Mr. Chaney! If you had just ordered in a stick of wood, or a broomstick, and laid it on the floor under the rockers, at the place required, it would have answered just as well!"

"A stick of wood, a broom-stick!—in your parlors, Mrs. Chaney! I wonder at you—why, my dear, this chair will be a model for the whole trade!"

"And if I want to rock myself either more or less, I must get down on the floor and work with these screws for ten or fifteen minutes!"

"Why, Mrs. Chaney, I am astonished at you! but that's always the way with the ig—I mean the uninitiated; they always object to anything they are not accustomed to. Franklin was laughed at for bringing down electricity, and Fulton for talking about steamboats!"

"Well, well, Mr. Chaney," said the lady, seeing that her husband grew warm, "we won't talk any more about the plan, but you certainly have gone to an unnecessary expense. Now, if you had taken that money and bought me a new workstand, which I need very much, you would have spent it to some advantage."

"A workstand, my dear? I am much obliged to you for the idea; it will be the very thing for me; I'll invent you one!"

"I don't want one invented," said Mrs. Chaney, thinking that something must have gone wrong with her husband's brain; and she used the same arguments as against the chair, but without effect. Mr. Chaney was bent upon the exercise of his mechanical faculties, and returned to his drawing and calculating, with renewed interest, and the workstand was duly projected. In the meantime, the chair was not overlooked. He seldom entered the house without bringing some acquaintance along to do honor to his invention, and, on every occasion, the machinery was made to go through its whole duty, and of all seats in the house, none would suit him but that.

"Really, Mr. Chaney, you have worn your pants quite threadbare, by getting down on your knees, to work with your screws, and I am afraid you will wear holes in my new carpets by such incessant rocking," said his wife, beginning to

grow weary of so much company, and such perpetual motion. Accident, however, befriended her more than remonstrance could have done. One day on coming home to dinner, he took off the screws to do a little filing to them, when a summons to the table interrupted his work, and he laid them aside to complete them afterwards. The business of dining over, he returned to the parlor, and forgetting that his chair was without its supports, he threw himself into it, with the careless independence of a man who had just had a dinner to his liking, with no particular trouble on his mind. The weight of so bulky a person against the wrong side of the centre of gravity, threw the chair so far back upon its rockers, that they gave way, and Mr. Chaney, to the alarm of the house, was precipitated on the floor.

"Really—I can't—help—laughing! ha! ha!" said Mrs. Chaney, when she perceived him jumping up without injury; "it is well that no one but yourself met with the first serious consequence of your invention."

"It is very unkind in you, Mrs. Chaney, positively, quite unfeeling, to laugh at one on such an occasion," returned Mr. Chaney, getting in a passion to cover his mortification; "accidents may happen to anybody's invention; if you had thought a moment, your own observation must have convinced you of that. How many steam-boat and railroad accidents have you heard of lately? Every newspaper, almost, brings intelligence of some shocking catastrophe originating in the best constructed machinery."

Mrs. Chaney was easily corrected; she apologized with much humility, inquired if he was hurt, and condoled with him so affectionately that he soon recovered his wonted good humor. We should have said, almost. A little pique still remained, which, instead of putting a check upon his new passion, ministered to its ardour. To be laughed at by his own wife! it was more than a man of his spirit ought to submit to, and Mr. Chaney determined that she, as well as the world, should appreciate his abilities. So, though the chair was allowed a little rest, other projects went actively on. Though previously not much of a reader, he was now seldom seen in the house without a book in his hand; some treatise or other relating to the subject uppermost in his head. It was hard to get a sentence out of him that did not contain the word machine, or machinery, or a synonyme. He talked about the lever, the fulcrum, the wheel or axle, the pulley, the inclined plane, the wedge and the screw, as understandingly as a schoolboy, reciting his well known lesson in mechanics. His old acquaintances were much surprised, and his new ones inquired if Mr. Chaney was not rather eccentric.

The workstand was completed—a complication or intricacies. There were drawers within drawers, and boxes within boxes; an apartment for each spool of cotton, with a lid to shut over it, and a lever to lift it out; all requiring as much time in opening and shutting, raising up, and pushing aside, as it would have taken to extricate the various implements and materials from a disordered work-bag. Mrs. Chaney did not presume to laugh this time, but assuring the

inventor that it was too ingenious for any thing but a curiosity, she declined making any deposits in it. Mr. Chaney himself was more delighted with it than with his first performance; so much so, that he was not satisfied with the admiration and approbation of merely his friends and neighbors, but he clandestinely slipped into the communication boxes of several printing offices, copies, in a carefully disguised hand, of a note to the following effect: "The editor of _____ is respectfully invited to examine a highly curious specimen of American mechanical ability; a workstand invented by our worthy and ingenious townsmen, Job Chaney, Esq. It may be seen at the furniture rooms of Messrs. D____ G____, &c." Thither it had been remanded for exhibition.

The workstand was followed by a work-box and a footstool, and a coffee-roaster, and a coffee-boiler. Mrs. Chaney no longer felt any inclination to laugh. She sighed at the footstool, and groaned at the coffee-pot. She became apparently the most contented woman in the world, being afraid to complain of anything about the house, however inconvenient it was, or out of repair, lest she should hear the ominous response, "I'll invent you one." Another cause now operated against her as much as her laughing had done. No editors called, and Mr. Chaney got no puffs, and he felt compromised with his dignity to persevere, until they should be compelled to lend him a hand on his way up the hill of Fame. To accomplish this, some great effort must be made, and he determined that the result should be a cooking-stove.

His readings were now doubled, and his drawings quadrupled. The margins of every newspaper brought into the house were covered with squares and parallelograms, and triangles and circles, and spheroids, and the pans of the parlor grates, whenever he was in the house, were to the extreme annoyance of his wife, always littered with whitlings. So great an undertaking required a more practical acquaintance with the mysteries of the mechanical powers than he possessed as yet, and he daily frequented the manufactories, where they operated to the fullest extent. As his plan matured, he became more and more charmed with it, and he concluded that he must have it patented. The construction of the model followed, and increased his labors as well as his satisfaction. It was now a rare chance to find him in his counting room. The clerks were running every day to his house in search of him, and of his resorts his wife was as ignorant as they, for he intended that his production should remain a profound secret, until he should be able to present it to the world, all finished and furnished from pipe to feet. Then came the time for the casting of the plates, and as the foundry at which this was to be executed was at some distance in the country, his absenteeism was proportionably increased. His business, for want of his attention, began to decline, and, in one week, the sometime honest and punctual Job Chaney had two notes protested. Of this Mrs. Chaney was informed, their eldest son being employed in the book-keeping, and her uneasiness became greater and greater. His friends, too, became acquainted with it, and add-

ing it to his frequent disappearances from his post, and the abstracted and restless manner which had grown upon him, they began to question each other as to whether Chaney had not got himself in difficulties.

A journey to Washington brought matters to a climax. He had never before left home without taking his wife with him, if on pleasure, nor, if on business, without giving her a statement of what was to be transacted, and this time he did neither. Her anxiety may be imagined. Our readers, we presume, will understand that he went to enter his model, and, if they have made the trip, and noticed of themselves, in the model room of the Patent Office, or had pointed out to them by the courteous gentleman, who at that time presided there, Mr. E-w-h, or any of his polite coadjutors, a miniature stove, immeasurably surpassing in complexity the hundred others there exhibited, they may rest assured that they have seen Mr. Chaney's.

On the day that Mr. Chaney was expected home, his wife went out on some necessary business, when, turning a corner near the house, as she came homeward, she observed two drays driving from the door. Entering the house, she discovered an unusual bustle about the premises, and a loud rattling and clashing and rolling in the kitchen attracted her thither. Here she discovered an immense pile of metal deposited in the place of her well arranged and convenient cooking stove, and her husband running busily around it, with his coat off, and his outstretched hands blackened to the wrists, while the domestic force were looking on with curiosity and amazement. Without a word of salutation appropriate to his return, after an absence of several days, he exclaimed with a triumphant gesture towards his new possession, "Well, my dear, what do you think of that?"

Mrs. Chaney was gazing in consternation: "Bless me, Mr. Chaney!" she ejaculated, "what upon earth are you doing with a locomotive in my kitchen?"

"A locomotive! ha! ha!—in one sense, though, it is really a locomotive—it will do half your work for you of itself! ha! ha!"

"What is it, Mr. Chaney?" demanded the lady, in her turn getting angry at being laughed at; "what is it?—you don't pretend to call that monstrous thing a cooking stove?"

"Don't I, madam?—what is it then, but a cooking stove?—a cooking stove of my own invention; one for which I am to have a patent—one that is to supersede all others, and to be universally known as Chaney's Cooking Stove. What should all these utensils be for, if not for a cooking stove?" and he pointed to a stack of pots and pans and so forth, covering the table from one end to the other, and a similar one on the dresser. "Look here, Mrs. Chaney," he continued, "you never saw such a collection of conveniences before, in your life. Here are cast-iron boilers, and sheet-iron boilers, and tin boilers. Here are cast-iron pans, and sheet-iron pans, and tin pans; and iron roasters and tin roasters; and iron bakers, and tin bakers, and here are an iron tea-kettle, and a copper one; and stew-pans—see, every variety. Here are steamers of every size and form, and a large griddle and

smaller ones, besides different sized gridirons, and preservers and picklers ——"

"Mercy on us! why Mr. Chaney, you must surely be *deranged!* My kitchen already contains as many cooking utensils as we need, and can hold no more. You will have to put up a new building if you want room for all these nonsensical rattletraps."

"Ha! ha! really you *amuse* me, my dear! I thought you were much more judicious; send the old ones up to the store room—you will never need them again, I warrant you. Here are utensils enough to cook dinner for a hundred people."

"I don't expect ever to cook dinner for a hundred people, Mr. Chaney, nor the half of it. When had we fifty people to dine with us, and when are we likely to have; and supposing we were, how am I, or how is anybody else, ever to learn the twistings and turnings of such a machine as that?"

"Without any difficulty, my dear—nothing is more easy; that is, though the design of it cost me an infinite deal of thought, I flatter myself that I have made it so apparent, that it will take but a moderate degree of reasoning power to comprehend it."

"A cooking stove ought to be comprehended without any reasoning power," said Mrs. Chaney, who was no logician; "everything about it ought to be plain at first sight. Ask the best of cooks, and they will tell you that the more simple such things are, the better."

"Well, my dear, this is perfectly simple, when you understand it; have patience a moment and I will show you. Now to arrange your roasters;—unscrew this rod, and yonder plate will move along on that little railroad to this point; then by turning this crank, it will fall back against this flue, and form an inclined plane."

"I know nothing about cranks, and flues, and inclined planes," said Mrs. Chaney, snappishly, "and if I did, of what use would these monstrous roasters be to me, any one of them would roast an ox whole!"

"Well, my dear, that is proof positive that they will be large enough for any of your purposes;" said Mr. Chaney, intending his speech to be a poser.

"We can go the whole hog, now," said Alexander, the man-servant, with a chuckle.

"And, I suppose," pursued Mrs. Chaney, "it will take as much fuel to cook a pair of chickens, as for anything large enough to fill them."

"Fuel?—that reminds me to show you how it is to be heated. You perceive it is constructed for either wood or coal, or for both at once. Observe; the place for the boilers is intended for wood, and the part for the bakers, for coal, if you choose. You will never have smoked bread and pies after this, I promise you!"

"My bread and pies never was smoked!" said Prudy, the cook, who conceived that her own credit was concerned in the latter clause.

"No, Prudy, your bread and pastry are always good;" said Mr. Chaney, kindly anxious to convince her that no offence was intended; "I did not mean to insinuate the contrary, but I mean it will save them from the possibility of being smoked. But fill one of those tea-kettles, Prudy, and let us see how soon it will make water boil.

If my calculations are correct, we could all be driven out of the kitchen by the heat, in short order."

Prudy obeyed, and Mr. Chaney himself commenced kindling the fire. "It will save us half the expense of sawing wood," said he; "the sticks need only be sawed through once to be short enough."

"But half a cord will scarcely be enough to heat it all over," returned Mrs. Chaney.

"It will seldom need to be heated all over, my dear; these flues, and valves, and dampers, will regulate that," said Mr. Chaney, and observing that the wood did not take fire readily, he called for the bellows, and commenced blowing with great industry. Still the fire would not act. It would blaze up in a feeble flame for an instant, and then sink again into darkness. It was evident that there was not draught sufficient. Mr. Chaney examined the pipe, pounded on its joints, and shoved it farther into the chimney. Then he sent Alexander for some fine splinters, and after turning some of his dampers, he addressed himself again to the bellows. During this time, he proceeded by snatches, with his explanations to his wife, who, though she properly ceased to object, before the servants, looked as though she thought to apprehend it was out of the question; and Prudy, who, as it belonged to her province, was interested to learn, gazed at it in despair. At last a sickly, smoking fire was lighted, and Mr. Chaney, after giving orders that the utensils should be properly cleaned, and disposed to the best advantage, against he should wish to exhibit them, reluctantly followed his wife into the parlor.

Tea time came and passed without the appearance of tea, yet in consideration that it would take time for the stove to get into the way of performing its duty, Mr. Chaney waited with the greatest patience; and when the accustomed refreshment did make its appearance, it is needless to say that he partook of it with unusual gusto;—so much so, that Mrs. Chaney, who had made the discovery, thought it a pity to disturb him, by communicating that the kitchen cabinet, finding that the kettle would not boil on the stove, agreed, after due deliberation, to make a fire in the chimney;—a resolution rather difficult to execute, from the close proximity of that ponderous body.

The next morning Mr. Chaney was up bright and early, to superintend the preparations for breakfast; for, as a greater number of divisions must be called into action for their generous morning's meal, he rightly concluded that Prudy would not understand how to manage them. The same difficulties occurred with the fire as the evening before, and he brought the morning's paper into the kitchen, read the editorials, the selected intelligence, the prices current, the shipping list, and half the advertisements, but still the contents of the kettle could not reach the requisite 212°. Mrs. Chaney's specified half a cord was supplied, and then it did boil, while most of the viands for breakfast were burnt to cinders.

Then commenced an order of things, which had never before existed among the Chaney's. Waiting for meals, eating them half done and

over done, grumbling of servants, and all kinds of work hindered and delayed by the cooking stove. Washing day came, and a sufficiency of water could not be heated, though the boilers, as Mrs. Chaney said, were large enough to propel as many steamboats; and ironing day, and the clothes were in constant danger of being scorched, if not burnt, by the superfluous heat of the smoothing irons. Mr. Chaney, who had before always been a pattern of propriety in domestic matters, was now, in the words of Prudy, continually poking his nose into the kitchen, so that Rosetta the chamber-maid, who was rather pert, suggested the expediency of pinning a dishcloth to his coat skirts—the prescribed punishment for a gentleman so offending. Nor was he satisfied to intrude alone, but daily he brought in a delegation of his friends, to aid him in admiring his performance, till, at length, poor Mrs. Chaney, who had always been placidity and forbearance personified, gave herself up to her troubles, and detailed her own grievances and the complaints of the servants without mercy.

"Alexander gave me notice this morning to look out for another waiter," said she, "about a fortnight after the advent of the stove."

"He did! why, my dear, what does he intend to do?"

"To find another place, of course, Mr. Chaney."

"But, my dear, how could we get along without Alick? what has offended him? he has always appeared satisfied with us."

"And so he was, until that stove came into the house; that is what drives him away, and no wonder! He says he had work enough for all his time before, to do it properly, and now it is doubled. He has to spend half the day lifting about those tremendous boilers and roasters and steamers for Prudy, as they are too heavy for a woman to handle, and in splitting kindling wood. Besides that, he soils as much more clothing as formerly, and has burnt two aprons, and entirely ruined a good pair of pantaloons by scorching them till they had to be patched on the knees. Alick considers himself too genteel to be always wearing patched clothes, and he could not afford to buy as many as that stove would destroy."

"Let him go, then," said Mr. Chaney in a huff.

"It is easy enough to let him go, Mr. Chaney, but not so easy to get another in his place. You know we could leave the keys of the whole house with him, for any length of time, and feel perfectly safe; and that he always does his business well, and without direction. Everybody thinks that we have quite a treasure in Alexander, and we are to lose him on account of that stove!"

"If servants can't appreciate the conveniences their employers provide for them, all we have to do, is to change them."

"The servants or the conveniences, which?" asked Mrs. Chaney, eagerly.

"The servants, to be sure; let Alick go, and I'll soon find a substitute." Alick did go, and a substitute was found, but he took leave in a few days, for the same reason.

"We are to lose Prudy, too, Mr. Chaney," said Mrs. Chaney, a day or two after.

"Not Prudy! why, what's the matter now?"

"She strained her back last evening lifting one of those boilers, which she has been obliged

to do herself, since Alexander went away. She was not able to go to work this morning, and has gone to her sister's until she shall be able to look out for another situation. I am afraid it is a serious affair."

"Well, then, we must get a cook who will be stronger, my dear."

"Really, Mr. Chaney! as if it were a matter of course that we should get people to suit our stoves, instead of stoves to suit our people! Prudy was the person for us, exactly, before you brought that misfortune upon us. She was not too proud to do plain cooking, and yet could cook on extra occasions with the best."

"All that is true, my dear, but it is evident that she is not strong enough in the back."

"And that is not the worst, Mr. Chaney. Rosetta threatens to go too. She has got a cold in the head, from leaving the doors open, when the stove heats the kitchen beyond bearing, and says that it is so uncomfortable, she can't stand it much longer. It is always too hot or too cold, and with so many utensils littered about, can never be made to look genteel, when her friends come to see her; you know she is a respectable colored girl. Besides that, she can neither wash nor iron with any credit, and the cook and waiter are everlasting grumbling at the stove, and at each other, about it."

"Then, my dear, give her her walking papers, too; a pretty story that we must submit to such rebellious creatures!"

"If you were obliged to go into the kitchen to do the work, as I shall be, if all the servants leave us, you would talk in a different strain, Mr. Chaney."

"Why, my dear, that stove, if properly managed, would do half your work for you," said Mr. Chaney; and his wife, for the first time since their marriage, a period of sixteen years, interrupted him by flouncing out of the room, and slamming the door after her.

With much difficulty Mrs. Chaney persuaded Rosetta to stay, and as she had Alick's work as well as her own to attend to, the lady herself was obliged to do the cooking, a substitute for Prudy not having been found. This, in itself, would have been no great hardship to her, as she had been an adept in all household affairs, before she became well enough off to secede from their performance, but to cook with Mr. Chaney's stove was another matter. She was obliged to confine herself to a simple routine of dishes, which it was the least impossible to prepare with it, and Mr. Chaney, who had been accustomed to good living, and was fond of variety, had to partake of them without complaint. Yet he never lost faith in the excellency of his invention, and he felt inclined to pronounce, mentally, his wife to be as stupid as the domestics.

"My dear," said he, a few days after the departure Alexander's successor, "you know I do not make it a practice to invite company without first consulting you, but to-day I met with a party of gentlemen, who I am anxious should see my stove tested, and asked them to dine with me tomorrow. They are an eastern gentleman; a professor of natural philosophy; two or three editors, who can materially assist my reputation; a celebrated machinist, and also I invited a few

of my more immediate private friends—about a dozen in all."

"Why, can it be possible, Mr. Chaney, that you would do such a thing!—invite a dozen of gentlemen to dinner, when we have not a single servant but one chambermaid, and I am compelled to do the cooking myself!"

"But I'll get you servants plenty. I have just engaged an Irish waiter at one of the Intelligence offices, an active, willing lad, as can be found. I was resolved to have nothing more to do with those impudent black fellows. He'll be here in the morning. I believe he has never served in the house before, but white servants, Europeans, think of nothing but obeying orders. And I'll hire you a professed cook for the day."

"There is no cook who could do anything with that stove," said Mrs. Chaney, tartly.

"Nonsense, my dear! a cook who understands her business thoroughly, a professed cook, can cook with anything. When you have the whole structure in operation, which it has never been yet, you will find it to work to a charm. I will attend to heating it properly myself, so that you need give yourself no uneasiness about it."

Mrs. Chaney's disaffection, serious as it was, had not yet arrived at such a crisis as to lead her to combat what was irremediable, and, the gentlemen being invited, she no further demurred, but set to work upon a plan for the morrow's entertainment, though it was not without many misgivings. She, however, stipulated that her husband should not bring any of his guests into the kitchen before the dinner was over.

The next morning Mrs. Chaney arose before the sun to do the marketing, Mr. Chaney insisting that even a greater variety than is usual on such occasions, should be prepared, that the stove might be tested to the fullest extent. She returned with a bountiful supply, having spared neither trouble nor expense in collecting it, and found her husband busy, as usual, with the stove, preparatory to breakfast; and well he earned his morning's meal! While eating it, he whetted his appetite with conjecturing what would be the complimentary terms relating to himself in the paragraphs of the next day's papers, which he expected to notice:—"A sumptuous and elegant repast, prepared at the mansion of Job Chaney, Esq. by a cooking stove of his own invention."

Breakfast over, the cook made her appearance. She cast a scrutinizing and suspicious glance at the stove, as she untied her bonnet strings, and asked if that was what she was to cook in. Mr. Chaney replied in the affirmative, and, all alert, threw back some of the plates, and commenced an explanation of its *modus operandi*. She tied her bonnet again.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, sir," she said, resolutely; "but I never undertake to cook in a stove unless I understand it. Them that cook for a living must take care of their reputation."

Mrs. Chaney tried persuasion, and Mr. Chaney offered double wages, but without success; and she withdrew. It was time to commence preparations, and Mr. Chaney set off at full speed in quest of some one who would engage in the arduous undertaking; but without there being any apparent reason for it, except to disappoint

Mr. Chaney, cooks seemed, for that day, to have been particularly in demand. Not one could be obtained, and Mrs. Chaney was obliged to draw upon the services of an old woman, living in an alley close by, who was considered a useful hand at work in general, and to prepare for being the principal official in the kitchen herself, which she did on condition that her husband would stay at home to regulate the stove.

The morning wore round, and the new waiter presented himself—a sturdy Irish youth, of eighteen or nineteen, with a new pair of boots, which creaked and thumped at every step; his coat buttoned so closely that it seemed a marvel that he could move at all, and his hat on one side of his head on the top of an immense pile of rough, sandy hair. Rosetta being engaged with the parlors and the table things, he was taken into the kitchen to assist there. Through Mrs. Chaney's labors and directions, every thing that hands could do was done well and soon; but what was to be effected by the stove, threatened to prove a failure. Some divisions were too much heated, and others scarcely heated at all, and Mrs. Chaney heard the first ring of the bell, announcing an arrival, with a sinking heart.

The hour came at which the dinner should have been served, and some of the dishes were ready, while others had scarcely commenced cooking; and as Mr. Chaney was now obliged to remain in the parlors with the company, matters grew worse and worse. At length it became necessary to bring him out; and Mrs. Chaney directed her new waiting man to call him. He did so, literally, presenting himself at the folding-doors in an apron of Rosetta's, having come unprepared for immediate service, and said, in the loudest voice, "Mester Chauncey, will ye come intil the kitchen if it plese ye?"

The professor of natural philosophy was in the midst of a scientific harangue, and Mr. Chaney, keeping his seat through deference to his guest, gave a nod to the messenger, and continued to listen.

"Mester Chauncey, plase to come intil the kitchen, will ye?" persisted the summoner, presuming that he had not been heard the first time.

"In a few minutes, Patrick," Mr. Chaney was constrained to answer, forgetting, as he did so, the name of his new ally, who, not willing to submit to a misnomer, promptly corrected him—"Ye've made a mistake, sir; my name is Ar-r-tur, at your service."

"Very well, Arthur," said Mr. Chaney, with a wink and a gesture to him to retire; but just then Mrs. Chaney came to the kitchen door to see what detained her husband and her aid, and beckoned through the window to the latter. "Yes, ma'am, I'll tell him!" He returned, and again entering the doorway, he continued at the height of his voice, "Ye're very badly wanted, sir; if ye don't haste ye intil the kitchen, and help to turn the roast pig out of the stove, it'll be burn't to death, and ye'll have till ate the turnips raw! Mestress Chauncey is waiting for ye at the back door in a terrible pucker!"

Thus entreated, Mr. Chaney was obliged to hasten out; and he found matters as Arthur had described. Then for the first time his own

confidence began to be shaken; but concealing his apprehension, he proceeded with his usual process of opening and shutting valves, turning dampers, and so forth. But it grew later and later. The guests began to look anxiously towards the back parlor, and to show signs of hunger in their countenances; and it was necessary to send in the dinner cooked or uncooked. Some of the dishes were burnt until it would have been difficult to discover their specific names; some showed the faintest possible proof of the action of fire, while others, which had been perfected by it too soon, and would have been spoiled by standing, had been replaced by a new set. Never had a meal so abundant, and so abundantly bad, been seen in the house before. Poor Mrs. Chaney, all smoked and red and perspiring, was necessitated to dress and present herself at the table, conscious as she was that the failure of every thing upon it would disable her from doing the honors properly; nor was her husband less disconcerted, both on account of his wife and of the stove. The new waiter, also, constantly added to their annoyance by his blunders; and though they were inclined to dismiss him from the room, he could not be spared. Rosetta was also in attendance, but she could not have done his part with her own. On his removing the soup, Mrs. Chaney noticed that his hands were so thickly streaked with black, that every thing he touched was in danger of receiving the same hue, and when he came near her she pointed to it significantly.

"Don't I know it, ma'am?" he returned, in a loud, wheezing whisper, which could be heard all round the table, and farther yet, Mr. Chaney having corrected him for his loud parlance in the drawing-room: "but where's the use of being for ever washing one's hands? Every time I go out, the ould lady in the kitchen is for making me temper the stove and lift some of them smoky boilers."

Mrs. Chaney shook her head to silence him. "What d'ye plase to say, ma'am?" he asked, not taking the hint, and in rather a louder tone, at which one or two of the gentlemen smiled, and Rosetta giggled.

Mrs. Chaney now felt herself obliged to apologize for some of the dishes, and her husband, with regard to her feelings, was kind enough to assist her by saying, that any deficiencies must be attributed to the cook not having got into the way of managing the stove.

The second course having come on, Arthur, who had been bringing it in, after depositing the last article, asked, in another of his whispers, "How long 'll it take ye, ma'am, till ate up this tableful? The ould lady wants me till go intil the cellar and split her a faggot of pine to poke among the stone-coal and keep it a-going, or the pies 'll be dried intil water crackers."

Again Mrs. Chaney shook her head, at which Arthur again demanded, "What d'ye plase to say, ma'am?"

Then came another course as bad as those preceding, and, to increase her vexation, Mrs. Chaney noticed that Arthur had brought in knives more discoloured than those he had taken away. She ordered him, in a low voice, to "bring the clean ones." "These are the cleane

ones, Mistress Chauncey," he returned, this time forgetting to whisper at all? "I upset the vinegar on them when I was saving the turkey from bein' drownded by the soup, and forgot till scour them, when the ould lady put me at paaling the last diggin' of potaties."

Mrs. Chaney once more shook her head, and Arthur replied, for the third time, which, indeed, proved the charm, for fearing farther communications, she ordered him from the room, "What d'ye plase to say, ma'am?" and, as he was going, he added to Rosetta, who, as he passed her, in an energetic whisper, explained his fault, "Hould your tongue, ye jade! d're think I have till be tached my manners by a nagur?"

His exit, however, was not final. In a few minutes he came rushing back, exclaiming, "Presarve us, Mester Chauncey! och, murther! the chembly's a-fire, and we'll all be burnt out of house and home! och, that stove! the ould boy's in it, to a sartainty!" and Mr. Chaney flew to the kitchen. The guests hastened to the windows, and, in truth, beheld volumes of thick smoke, with a dusky blaze, bursting from the chimney. Mr. Chaney, in his impatience to set up his stove, had neglected to have it swept, and serious danger was now apprehended. The day was windy, and large masses of burning soot were blown about the roof. The boys in the street immediately raised the alarm, the nearest firebell rang, and in a few minutes three or four engines were rattling around the house. The fire was soon extinguished, but the damage did not end with it. There had been a dearth of conflagration for some time; and the youths who had been so prompt to save the house, in their delight to show off their engines, continued to pour floods of water, not only down the kitchen chimney, until everything in their way, the stove excepted, was ready to swim, but down that of the back parlour also, and Mrs. Chaney's elegant new carpet and needle-worked rug sustained such an injury as could never be remedied.

Of course, to return to dinner after such a turmoil was not to be thought of, and the gentlemen, after waiting until they saw their entertainers out of danger, took their hats and their leave.

"It is all your fault, Mr. Chaney, with your abominable stove!" exclaimed Mrs. Chaney, as soon as the guests had retired, easing her fright and her vexation, as it is common for ladies to do, by a hearty fit of crying; "you have turned off my servants, half killed me with labour, ruined my temper, disgraced my housekeeping, and now given me this terrible fright; I shall never get over it!" *

Mr. Chaney did not gainsay her reproaches; but the next day he quietly had his invention removed from the kitchen, and the former stove restored to its place. Though he did not acknowledge it even to himself, but blamed all the mischances on the obtuseness of his household, he was convinced that the mere desire to be thought a genius is not alone sufficient to make one. He did not stop here, but recalled Alexander, paid Prudy's doctor's bill, and brought her back; and the next time he gave a dinner, though it was not prepared with the expectation of a newspaper puff, he had the satisfaction of knowing that it well deserved one.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

THOUGHTS ON THE DEPARTED YEAR.

'Tis midnight, and time, faithful chronicler of the past, hath tolled the knell of a departing year; another number has been added to the list of years that are past and gone, and soon the sad and the joyous scenes that marked its progress, shall be linked with the dim shadows of the past. As the last faint echo that sounds the requiem of an expiring year, dies away upon the ear, a train of thrilling and unearthly sensations come rushing o'er the mind; the ghosts of buried joys, of bright visions of happiness, the forms of the loved and lost, appear before us in the dim and uncertain light that is enshrouding the scene of our vigils; in sad and mournful garb they pass before us, reminding us of the painful truth, that the departed year hath not fled solitary and alone. Ah, no! the hand that hath told its fate, hath also sounded the knell of many a deeply cherished hope, many a heart-gladdening anticipation of happiness. It is a time when the spirits of retrospection and reflection throw their chains o'er us and fill the mind with overpowering sensations. Alas! that to many a one they will not be those of joy. How many who entered upon the year that is past and gone, with hearts beating high with hope and glowing with anticipations of happiness, have seen those hopes one by one fade away, those bright anticipations blighted. The joyous light of hope and anticipation that shed its radiant beams o'er them, as a beacon star to guide them on, and which they had fondly hoped would gladden their hearts through many a coming year, hath grown fainter and fainter until it hath set in darkness; and despair is throwing its icy fetters around their hearts. Change, remorseless change has crossed their path—withered the flowers of their fancy and cast mildew and blight around them.

Gentle reader, let us enter your family circle, that is gathered around the hearth-stone—do ye mark the sad thoughtfulness that seems to hang o'er them, banishing joy from their countenances, and do ye ask why this unwonted and untimely gloom, when the buoyant anticipations and warm greetings of a happy New-Year, are pealing forth in joyous tones from thousands of glad hearts? Alas! remembrances of the past, of the scenes and events that have marked the progress of the past year, are busy at their hearts; their thoughts are with the absent and dead; an unwelcome visitant has been with them—the dread messenger of death has entered that circle, and taken one of the fairest and loveliest of their number. Their eyes mark the spot that was wont to be filled with the loved form of the cherished one that is gone, and with sadness of heart they turn away—for it is vacant. No more will that loved form be with them—the loved one who one short year since was glowing with the buoyant happiness of youth, moving in the joyous light of innocence and loveliness, whose bland smile was ever beaming upon them—she who was their life of life is gone—they call upon that loved name, and the solemn and soul-chilling reverberations of echo is the only answer. No more

will they listen to the sweet tones of the voice that was music to their ears, no more will the loved glance of those dear eyes thrill their souls, no more will they be clasped in those loved arms—that voice is hushed in death, those love-beaming eyes are closed in the sleep that knows no waking on earth, those arms are clasped in the cold and rigid embrace of death, that form of angel beauty now lies beneath the cold clods of the valley, and the stone that marks her resting place conveys to us the heart-saddening and painful truth, that the fairest and loveliest flowers of earth are the first to feel the cankering hand of decay, that all that is bright and lovely must go down to the cold, dark grave. Well may sadness and sorrow fill the minds and hearts of that circle, from whose midst that loved one has been taken—aye weep, let the tears of affection flow freely o'er thy loss, it were a fit incense to the memory of the pure and lovely.

Dear reader, dost thou realize this scene? art thou one of a like bereaved circle? and does the remembrances of past joys, of friends absent and gone, cast a dark shadow o'er the departed year, and cause the kind greetings of the New-Year to fall with a sickening sensation upon thy heart? does the image of some loved and lovely one, who was bound round the very fibres of thy heart by a thousand sweet ties of affection, with whom were blended and linked all thy hopes of happiness on earth, whom you have looked upon for the last time upon earth, who has passed away to the spirit land, arise before thee, not only in thy hours of solitude but amid the festive throng—in scenes of joy and gladness, where the gay and thoughtless are quaffing the cup of pleasure, reveling in the unconsciousness of the future, causing a mournful sadness to steal o'er thee, sounding the knell of joy to thy heart? Oh! turn thee from the dark and bitter scenes of earth, let thy thoughts soar above this cold and friendless world to that blissful clime above, where thy loved one is looking down from its pure realms and welcoming thee with angel smiles to its blessed mansions. Oh! cherish the heart-soothing and blissful thought, that the spirit of thy beloved one is hovering by thy side and watching o'er thee with the deep sympathy of love; this blissful thought, while it shall repress the loud and boisterous mirth, shall steal o'er thee with a gentle and heart-purifying sadness, bringing a sweet and soothing balm to thy heart. God grant, dear reader, that it may be thy guardian angel, thy light and life, guiding thee by the sweet paths of virtue through whatever changes the coming year may bring to thee, and when the sands of time shall have numbered the year upon which we have entered with the things that were and are not, may thy heart respond to the joyful greetings of a happy New-Year; and with those greetings, oh! let the memory of the loved and lost mingle—oh! let the image of the loved one, who one short year since, greeted thee in the sweet tones of affection with a "Happy New-Year!" who now lies beneath the damp, cold clods of earth, be ever with thee, to hallow thy joys and soothe thy sorrows.

E. W. S.

Sullivan, N. Y. January, 1842.

MISCELLANY.

A GOOD STORY.

THE LANDLORD OUTWITTED.

One seldom hears a good story now-a-days, the following is not bad.

A few years ago there came to the Lion Inn at——— a pleasant looking, great-coated commercial sort of a body. "Well Landlord, what have you got? rump steak, eh? oysters sauce, eh? bottle of sherry, good eh?—send 'em up."

Dinner was served, wine was despatched, and a glass of brandy and water comfortably settled the dinner.

"Waiter," said the traveler coolly and dispassionately wiping his mouth with a napkin, "waiter I am awkwardly situated."

"Sir?" said the waiter expecting a love letter. "I cannot pay you."

"Sorry for that, sir: I must call master."

The Landlord entered, "My good sir, you see this is rather awkward; good dinner! capital dinner! famous wine!—glorious grog! but no cash."

The Landlord looked black.

"I'll pay next time—often come this road—done nothing to day—good house yours—a great deal in the bill way."

The Landlord looked blue.

"No difference to you of course!—pleasant house this; plenty of business, happy to take your order; good credit, good bills."

"There is your bill, sir; prompt payment; pay as I go."

"Ah, but you must go without paying.—Let us see; 17s and 6d. Let us have a pint of cherry together: make it up to a pound; that will square it."

"Sir, I say you are a swindler! I will have my money."

"Sir, I tell you I will call and pay you in three weeks from this time exactly, for I shall have to pass this road again."

"None of that sir; it won't do me; pay me my money or I'll kick you out."

"You will repent this," said the stranger.

The landlord did repent. Three weeks after that day, punctually, the stranger re-entered the Lion Inn. The Landlord looked very foolish; the stranger smiled, and held out his hand: "I've come to pay you my score, as I promised."

The landlord made a thousand apologies for his rudeness. "So many swindlers about. No knowing whom to trust." Hoped the gentleman would pardon him.

"Never mind, Landlord: but come let's have some dinner together; let us be friends. What have you got eh; nice little ham of your own curing? good greens from your own little garden? famous bottle of sherry, and two bottles of port, waiter, this is excellent."

Dinner passed over: the Landlord hobbed and nobbed with the stranger, and they passed quite a pleasant afternoon. The Landlord retired to attend to his avocations; the stranger finished his comforter of brandy and water.

"Waiter what is to pay?"

"Two pounds, ten shillings and three pence, sir, including the former account."

"And a half a crown for yourself?"

"Makes two pounds ten shillings and nine-pence, sir," replied the waiter, rubbing his hands.

"Say two pounds and thirteen shillings," said the stranger, with a benevolent smile, "and call in your master."

Here the landlord entered very smiling and hospitable. "Sorry you are going so soon sir."

The stranger merely said, with a fierce look, "I owed you seventeen and sixpence three weeks ago, and you kicked me out of your house for it."

The Landlord began to apologize.

"No words, sir; I owed you seventeen and sixpence, you kicked me out of your house for it. I told you, you would be sorry for it. I now owe you two pounds thirteen shillings;" and quietly turning round said—"you must pay yourself in a check on the same bank, for I have no money now."

PLEASING EVERY BODY.

An individual who pleases every body is not a fair representation of humanity; and we should seriously object to him as such. This ready "yes, yes" so frequently in the mouth of some is a weak mark—or rather a mark of weakness. They must cross themselves sometimes, and then make an extra effort to get straight again. The safer way is to sit down and make a sober calculation that in travelling *honestly* through life we must necessarily go contrary to some others, and perhaps incur their displeasure. But this must never call us away from our duty for one single moment—for if we stop to ask every body's advice before we make a move, our work of life will be poorly performed. The Apostle speaks unfavorably of these "men-pleasers:" and we are much in favor of his views. Give us a man who is not afraid to act himself—to think his own thoughts, and speak them. We would give more for such an one than for a thousand of these mere creatures of others' opinions, who have to look around them, and find out how others think before they can take a single step! The Lord pity them.

"FAIRS" NOT ALWAYS FAIR.

From Mrs. Bache's Fire Screen.

"How much are you to get for the fire screens and bag, Mary?" inquired the old man.

"I do not know, father. Fancy work is less profitable than it used to be, now that the ladies have so many fairs. The things they cannot sell are put in stores, and the market is overstocked. But as these screens are made to order, I shall get something more than I did for the last."

"Aye, Mary, my daughter, the ladies who get up these fairs, sit by bright fires, in handsome parlors, while they make their toys.—They work when they please; they sit down to good dinners, and they think little, and care little, about those who must work whether they like it or not; who cannot stop when their heads ache, or their hearts ache; who must work with cold hands and hungry stomachs, before they can be warmed and fed."

"They mean to do good, father."

"Yes, Mary, but they give as alms what should be paid as debt. It is the duty of the rich to help the poor, and I believe there are few who would rather be beggars than laborers. While these ladies are collecting money at the fairs, they are robbing one class of the industrious poor of their rights, that they may give to another

class in charity. The rich best help the poor, when they give them plenty of work, and pay them a good price for it."

"Then if the ladies who encourage fairs, would employ us to make the things, and pay us a fair price for them at first, it would not be wrong to get up fairs, and sell those things afterwards, for as much as people choose to give—would it father?"

"I think not, Mary. Fairs might be made doubly useful in that way. But as I heard Matthew Carey say once, "It takes a great deal of judgment to know how to do good."

"It does indeed, father. I wish some of those charitable ladies thought of that."

RETORT.

MADAME D. had a magnificent cat. M. de C. amused himself one day by killing it, for want of something else to shoot. Madame D. caused to be set in her own house, and in the houses of her friends, all sorts of mouse traps; and when three or four hundred mice were caught, she had them put into a box, which was forwarded to Madame de C. at her country-house. The lady eagerly opened the box herself, expecting to find in it some new modes; the mice jumped out and presently filled the house; while at the bottom of the box was found a note addressed to Madame de C.: "Madame, your husband has killed my cat—I send you my mice."—*Paris Paper.*

WANTS AND MEANS.—One great secret of domestic enjoyment is too much overlooked. It lies in bringing our wants down to our circumstances, instead of toiling to bring our circumstances up to our wants. Wants will always be ahead of means, and there will be no end to the race, if you set the latter to chasing the former. Put the yoke of self-denial on desire, apply the spur of industry to energy, and if the latter does not overtake the former, it will at least keep in sight of it.

"Ma," exclaimed Sophronia, "be kind enough to hand me the bobinet."

"The what, child?" said the mother.

"The bobinet ma."

"For heaven's sake, Sophronia, never use that odorous word *bobinet* again—call it *Robertinet*." Jeams' cousins, how we run!—*Crescent City.*

An old bachelor having been laughed at by a bevy of pretty girls, told them that they were small potatoes. "We may be *small* potatoes," replied one of the maidens, "but we are sweet ones."

Just step into the street and I'll give you a cowhiding, said a rowdy to an Irishman. "By my soul now," replied Pat, "and I wouldn't do it if you'd give me two of them."

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

S. T. Auburn, N. Y. \$1.00; M. C. Cincinnati, O. \$3.00; S. S. W. Haydenville, Ms. \$4.00; J. T. S. Springfield, Vt. \$1.00; L. V. Keeseville, N. Y. \$1.00; A. B. Cambridge, Vt. \$1.00; P. M. Wallingford, Ct. \$2.00; S. A. W. Mishawaka, Ind. \$1.00; P. M. Waterbury, Vt. \$0.66; N. M. Greenfield, Ms. \$1.00; G. O. Cornwall Bridge, Ct. \$1.00;

J. L. Fredonia, N. Y. \$2.00; J. C. Fort Edward, N. Y. \$1.00; H. E. Fort Edward, N. Y. \$1.00; A. F. Jr. Detroit, Mich. \$1.00; P. M. Sanford, N. Y. \$1.00; P. L. C. 2d, Berthardstown, Ms. \$1.00; R. D. Ellenburgh, N. Y. \$1.00; M. M. S. Wellink, N. Y. \$1.00; S. H. Masonville, N. Y. \$1.00; A. H. Glastonbury, Ct. \$1.00; H. H. B. Richmond, Vt. \$1.00; E. S. C. Oneida Castle, N. Y. \$1.00; D. G. P. Enfield, N. Y. \$1.00; A. S. Horner, N. Y. \$1.00; S. C. Sherwood Corners, N. Y. \$5.00; D. A. Salisbury Centre, N. Y. \$1.00; R. O. Canaan Centre, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Varysburgh, N. Y. \$2.00; J. Y. Brooklyn, N. Y. \$3.00; S. M. B. Williamsboro', N. C. \$1.00.

A Semi-Annual Report

Of the MARTHA WASHINGTON BENEVOLENT TEMPERANCE SOCIETY, of the city of Hudson, from July 26, 1841, to January 26, 1842.

Donations received in Cash, from sixty-two families, amounting to twenty-seven dollars and forty-five cents..... \$27.45

Donations received in Clothing, from eighty-six families, amounting to five hundred and four articles; also, twenty-four pair of boots and shoes.

They have paid out for the relief of the reformed inebriate and families, to the amount of twenty-four dollars and thirty-six cents..... \$24.36

Leaving a balance now in the treasury, of three dollars and nine cents..... \$3.09

They have assisted thirty-eight families, with three hundred and twenty-three articles of Clothing, and seventeen pair of boots and shoes; and twelve out of that number have been assisted from one to eight different times.

All that is now in the deposit or (closet) is summer wear; and that being the case, we would still solicit donations of Clothing, ever remembering to be thankful for past favors of all descriptions.

They have attended to the last remains of one of the needy.

January 29th, received of Mr. Charles McArthur, being one of the Finance Committee, seventy-five dollars, as part of the proceeds of the Temperance Fair. \$75.00

LYDIA P. PADDOCK, Treasurer.

Hudson Lunatic Asylum.

During the year 1841, eighty-three patients have enjoyed the benefits of this institution, under the care of its proprietors, Drs. S. & G. H. White, to wit:

| | |
|--------------------|----|
| Recent cases..... | 19 |
| Chronic cases..... | 59 |
| Intemperate..... | 5 |
| | — |
| | 83 |

Of the recent cases that were removed during the year, 12 recovered, 2 improved, 1 died..... 15
Of the chronic cases removed, 6 recovered, 3 convalescent, 7 much improved, 7 improved, 3 died..... 26
Of the intemperate, 1 too early removed and relapsed..... 1
Remaining under treatment, Jan. 1, 1842..... 41

Five hundred and fifty patients have been in this institution under the care of its physicians, since they opened it, in 1830, for the relief and cure of the insane.

Provision having been made by the legislature for pauper lunatics in a state asylum, the proprietors have made such alterations and improvements in that part of the building, formerly appropriated to this class, as to enable them to furnish better accommodations to those who require it.

Religious services are continued in the institution with the same beneficial effects as heretofore.

Arrived,

In this city, on the 6th inst. by the Rev. C. F. Le Fevre, Mr. Felix Cassidy, of New-York, to Miss Mary Williams, of Windsor, Ct.

On the 22d ult. by William H. Barrenger, Esq. Mr. James Scott, aged 75 years, to the Widow Anthony Drum, aged 70 years, both of Gallatin.

On the 29th ult. by A. S. Russell, Esq. Mr. John Kells to Miss Margaret Speed, all of Claverack.

At Saratoga, on the 15th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Chester, Mr. Truman Root, Merchant, to Miss Elizabeth W. daughter of David Fleeman, Esq. of Walpole, N. H.

Died,

In this city, of Consumption, on Friday evening the 28th ult. at the residence of his brother, J. R. S. Van Vleet, Mr. William G. Van Vleet, in the 22d year of his age.

On the 29th ult. Charlotte Ann Bush, in her 8th year.

On the 6th inst. Walter Seth, son of Theodore H. Jenkins, in the 6th year of his age.

On the 1st inst. William T. son of William and Mary Harvey, aged 2 years, 2 months and 8 days.

On the 2d inst. Mr. Joseph Mitchell, Indian doctor, aged 38 years.

At Stockport, on the 5th inst. Mr. Nathaniel Golden, in his 62d year.

In Canaan, on the 27th ult. Miss Joanna L. Whiting, daughter of Deacon John Whiting, aged 31 years.

In Nantucket, on the 27th ult. after a short illness, Rebecca C. wife of Capt. Charles B. Macy, aged 25 years.

At Canaan, on the 29th ult. Mr. Van Rensselaer Clarke, in the 30th year of his age.

In West Stockbridge, Ms. at the residence of her father, Deacon N. Leet, on the evening of the 14th ult. Mrs. Edna M. Salls, in the 23d year of her age.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.
STANZAS.

BY HUBBARD M. DALEY.

I WALKED amid the stars one night
Where they, their treasured dead,
Like angels beautiful and bright
The spirit's pathway tread.
Where all around my footsteps seemed
In fadeless hues imprest,
With more than heart has ever dreamed
Of holy, happy, blest.
And Oh! so rich, so sweet the strains
On every side swelled o'er those plains;
My very thoughts seemed music's strings
Wakened by Love's imaginings.

Before me rose the sacred bowers
Unfanned by breath of care,
Where decked with Life's unfading flowers
Abide the pure and fair.
The golden hills—the silver streams—
And vallies "blushing green,"
Shed with the stars their glory beams
To lume that blissful scene.
And gales more soft than softest sighs
That lovers waft 'neath evening skies,
With sweet, pure, soul-like odors wreathed,
Their influence o'er the landscape breathed.

There, as on spirit steps I strayed,
Around me hovered near,
Those, now in angel garb arrayed,
Who journeyed with me here.
They murmured low, with harp in hand,
Such tones, low, softly sweet,
As echoes, that o'er fairy-land
Their trembling notes repeat.
And O requiting back my own
Such fond—fond looks upon me shone,
My spirit sank o'ercome with bliss
Like star beneath the day-god's kiss.

As fades the parting smile of day
From valley, plain, and hill,
Hieing on rosy wing away
Or lingering brightly still—
So mid the stars the vision failed
Such joy that o'er me threw,
So was the rich effulgence veiled
That thrilled me with its hue.
And gently like the evening breeze
That dies along o'er waveless seas,
Did hush the sweet ecstatic strains
That swelled across those happy plains.

'Tis long since then, and many a scene
Hath felt my wandering tread
And much of good and ill hath been
Around my journey spread.
But still whatever pleasure hath
Since then my bosom known,
Or fair the spells that round my path
Have charms of beauty thrown,
More bright they seemed, if burning thought
In robes by sacred Fancy wrought
Relumed the hour when clothed with light
I walked amid the stars one night.
Leeds, Va. January, 1842.

For the Rural Repository.

TO H. J*****S.

I CANNOT sing that song to night,
For in its words and music dwell,
While all hearts seem so gay, and light,
To me a sad and tearful spell.

It is the song, I used to sing
For him, when all was hope and truth,
Before I knew that time could bring
A shadow o'er my happy youth.

I would not bring my sorrows here;
Amid this bright and joyous throng,
I would repress the rising tear,
Then ask me not to sing that song.

It tells how hard it is to part
From those to whom we fondly cling,
Its notes find echo in my heart,
That song I cannot, dare not sing.

Each tone reminds me of the past,
And brings back dreams I thought were fled;
It speaks of hopes too bright to last,
And wakens thoughts I prayed were dead.

Thou wouldst not wish to see my tears
Mingled with music, and the song—
Oh no! to youth's first sunny years,
Pleasure, and hope, and joy belong.

Then urge me not to press those strings;
Or waken from their silent chords,
The notes which such deep sadness brings,
When coupled with those sad, sad words.

Hudson, Feb. 3, 1842. J. K.

For the Rural Repository.

TO S. U. C.

YES, lov'd one, thou art dead and gone,
'Tis vain for us thy loss to mourn;
For thou hast joined the angel train,
And learned to chant their sweetest strain.

But yet for thee we'd shed a tear,
That one whom we had held so dear,
Should from our fond embrace be torn,
And to the silent tomb be borne.

Thy spirit was for earth too pure,
For this cold world too bright, too fair;
Thy Father called thee to the sky,
'Twas his decree that thou shouldst die.

Oh that thy spirit might be sent,
And as my guardian angel lent;
That when I too am called to die,
'Twill waft my soul to joy on high.

Hudson, Feb. 1842. LOUISA.

For the Rural Repository.

Written on reading Mrs. C. E. Dickerman's lines,
"Fancy and Reality," in the last number of the Repository.

BY J. M'KINSTRY, JR.

TRUE, Fancy's bright visions
Glide swiftly away,
And all her illusions
Full quickly decay,
As Reality drear,
Doth come in its turn,
And tell us that here
We're destined to mourn.

Yet how fondly we soar
On Fancy's bright pinions!
How eager explore
Her fairy dominions!
There flowery fields invite,
And sylvan groves entice,

And scenes forever bright
Float before our eyes.

Yes, her dreams are pleasing,
And delighted we roam
Over joys never ceasing,
Where blights never come;
Where no evils are borne,
No sorrows appear;
Where no dangers are known,
No trials severe.

Where affection's pure ray
Glowes with lustre serene;
Where no Friendships decay,
No Frauds intervene;
Where base Ingratitude
Is never, never known;
Where no ills e'er intrude,
But where Joy is found alone.

Such is the glowing wreath
In Fancy's garland twined,
Untainted by the breath
Of Reality's rude wind;
And when Experience comes,
And we are taught the folly
Of these visionary roams
By dismal melancholy;
How cruel then it seems,
Oh stern Reality!
To blight the fairy dreams
Of Ideality.

Greenport, N. Y. January, 1842.

For the Rural Repository.

TO REBEKAH —.

BY T. C. WORDEN.

WHERE art thou, gentle spirit,
O tell me, dost thou dwell,
Within the flowery valley
Your friend once loved so well.

Dost thou yet linger, loved one
Around thy cheerful home,
While I a care-worn stranger
Upon life's ocean roam?

Bright be thy wakeful visions
Of joys in future years,
And disappointment never
Bedim thine eye with tears.

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